The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo
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SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1910.

THE CRESTING WAVE OF VALOR.

No one whose memory reaches back forty-seven years or no one who has read the history of the South will let to-day pass unremembered. It is the death day of the Confederacy, for if Appomattox witnessed the burial of every hope of Southern independence, Gettysburg saw those hopes destroyed. That column which swept the ridge where young men play at war to-day, and reached the Federal line and planted there its banner, was the cresting wave of Southern heroism, and when it broke and fell back through a trough of blood, Southern hopes never mounted high again.

The great Northern historian, James Ford Rhodes, in describing the battle of Gettysburg with all his scientific accuracy and cold-blooded acumen, had to stop in the midst of his account of Pickett's great charge, and ask with deep emotion how men could read the story of such heroism without excitement, or think without pride that they were the sons of such men.

It is true. Who can see the picture, even in fancy but that his eyes are dimmed with tears, and who can read the story but that his heart leaps up. Under the sultry July sun, amid the victims of two days' bloody slaughter, the gray lines formed beneath the ridge. Quietly, quickly, as on dress parade, they came in turn, those brigades of heroes, falling into place and waiting without a word. Over the field fell silence and down the long line scarce a sound could be heard. Galloping couriers passed by; anxious officers trained their glasses on the hill before them; champing horses tugged at their bridles and scented the fumes of battle. The day was wearing away, and if the charge was to be made it must be made at once. Alexander's courier came to say that not a moment must be lost; at the word he would open his batteries all along the line and mow a path for Pickett's immortals; the brigade officers walked the lines impatiently. Still there was silence until, with a puff of smoke and a roar, the signal gun was fired by the Washington artillery. In a moment hell unloosed its thunders; the earth shook; brave men trembled; shells were exploding everywhere; only from the heights above could be seen the answering flash of Federal wrath. Longstreet doubted; Pickett waited; ten thousand brave men measured the distance between them and the frowning hill with anxious eyes and wondered if flesh and blood could endure the test. "General," said Pickett, "shall I order an advance?" Longstreet looked away. "General," repeated Pickett, "my men are waiting, shall I move?" Longstreet only bowed his head, and Pickett, walking as if to meet a long-lost friend, sent the orders down the line. Then it was, dress on the colors, forward, march, charge bayonets and double-quick. The Federals ceased their fire for a moment, appalled at such daring; our own batteries kept silent; across the bottom and up the hill Pickett moved; every flag flying, every man in place, moving bravely onward, true to duty, true to God.

History records the rest, and Southern memory to-day, dwelling on the scene can only thank the God of Battles that brave men were not found wanting; that heroes answered the call and fought and gave their blood and breathed their last and slept in unknown graves when the battle was over and the host had passed.

It has become the fashion, in some quarters, to apologize in these later days for the war, and to say that bravely as our fathers fought it seems better that they did not win. How can these things be? If they are wrong to-day, they were wrong yesterday. If the cause for which they fought is a mistake to-day, it was a mistake then, and those men who fell on Cemetery Ridge deserved to fall. Yet who can believe it, who has a drop of Southern blood in his veins. Wrong? Mistaken? Only men who were right, and knew they were right, and were prepared to die for right could have stood that storm and mounted that hill and died that death.

THE NEGRO IN NEW ENGLAND.

In the New England District of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church $40,000 was raised for the various activities of the Church last year. There are thirty churches in the district, with a total membership of 2,500. The contributions amounted to a little more than $1,333 to the congregation, or $16 per capita. The country churches did not give so much in proportion as the city churches—the Boston Church gave $10,000, the New Haven Church $7,000, and the Hartford Church $3,039—but the giving all around was very liberal. There is one thing that can be said about the negroes—they believe in their religion and they are willing to pay for it. The methods to which they resort oftentimes amount almost to genius, and the aggregate of their giving would put their white brethren to shame. All the members of the colored churches give something. It is a part of their religion, and many of them give until it hurts.

Bishop Clinton, of North Carolina, presided at the New England conference last week. He is a very good man, much respected by his white Southern neighbors. He told the conference that many colored people are leaving the South and going to New England, and advised "the ministers of this conference to see that no one else secured these people." That was good advice; it will make them feel all the more at home, and it is hoped that they will go to New England in ever increasing numbers, so that they may share in the wonderful prosperity of that part of the country, which they, along with their white Southern neighbors, have been taxed to support for at least two generations. Their going to New England in sufficient number will spread out the race problem and make it more readily handled by both races.

All that we want to do just now, however, is to praise the liberality of the colored Methodists of New England. It is pleasant to know that they are almost as generous in their giving as their religious fellows in the South.

WRITING ON THE GROUND.

"I do not know," said Edmund Burke, "the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." This idea is commended to the Columbia Record, which has been much disturbed, apparently, by certain recent deliverances touching the morals of this community. We are willing to admit that there are some foolish ewes in our flock, because there are a number of black lambs running about apparently without any shepherd to care for them; but we protest that we are in no sense worse than the best of our neighbors; indeed, we are quite ready to submit to any comparison that could possibly be instituted between the people of the town of Richmond and the people of any other community in the world in respect of the probity of the men, the purity of the women and the innocence of the children.

There is a wonderfully interesting story told about an incident that happened a long time ago at the Temple where good men were accustomed to assemble to tell stories about their neighbors, to sell pigeons, to lend money at usurious interest, and incidentally to engage in religious exercises. One day a number of the scribes and Pharisees rushed up to the Master, when He was teaching all the people, with a woman whom they had "taken in adultery, in the very act." They were sure they would put this strange teacher to confusion this time, and after telling Him what course Moses would have commanded, they asked Him point-blank: "What sayest Thou?" The story continues:

"Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not.

"So when they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself, and said unto them: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.'

"And again He stooped down and wrote on the ground.

"And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last."

If our Baptist brother, James A. Hoyt, the distinguished editor of the Columbia Record, would like to obtain exact information as to the character of the town of Richmond, we would refer him to Brother William E. Cameron, the editor of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, who said the other day, speaking "from an intimate acquaintance with the city of Richmond, extending from tender youth to an age now somewhat hoary": "Take it for all in all, Virginia's capital city may well challenge comparison with any community of equal size as law-abiding and God-fearing." Then Brother Cameron, with the hope of impressing his views upon an intelligent public, made this application of his brief but wholesome exhortation: "The world is to be saved by the foolishness of preaching, but not by the preaching of foolishness."

CANADA TO JOIN US?

Our Canadian brethren are much excited at a recent speech made by Admiral Archibald Douglas, on leaving the Dominion. Knowing that he was going home for an indefinite stay, and positive that he would be beyond the reach of retort, the Admiral told his hearers, in good round terms, that they were traitors to Great Britain. Willing as they appeared to be, in all things, to serve His Majesty and to remain as dutiful children of Britannia, the Canadians were really anxious, he said, to join the United States The Canadian authorities, tacitly at least, were discouraging British immigration, and were doing everything in their power to induce Americans to cross the boundary and settle beneath the Union Jack.

Some of the Canadian papers indignantly deny such a charge; others admit that Canada is anxious to have American settlers; but all disclaim any desire to separate from Great Britain. They intimate that if Admiral Douglas had been a little more thorough in his study of Canadian conditions he would not have reached such a conclusion.

There is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question when one asks whether or not Canada will ever become a part of the United States. If geography says it will, history says it will not; for close as we are together, and easy as is access from one country to the other, history has a dozen proofs that the Canadians prefer British rule. We tried them in the Revolution, when the British had only been in full control of Canada for thirteen years, but Montgomery's monument is a monument to the fidelity of the Canadians and Arnold's retreat attested their loyalty. In the same way, when commercial advantage pointed to a union with the States, Canada indignantly refused, and never seriously entertained rebellion against the mother country.

Still, if the Canadians really have any idea of joining us, they are certainly going about it in the right way, by attracting Americans to their fertile wheat fields and to their mines. Texas would never have become a part of the United States had not American settlers flocked into its territory, and Hawaii would not now belong to us had not cunning business men seen the possibilities of the island. If Canada is ever to be ours, it is safe to say it will come through the efforts of Americans in Canada, not through the rebellion of Canadians.

PATTEN'S END NOT YET.

James Patten, late champion bull of the Chicago wheat pit and leading booster of cotton, says he has quit his evil ways. He spent the last day of June at his office, closing his accounts, paying all his outstanding bills, and when the day was over he took his name from the door and announced officially that he had withdrawn from the firm of Bartlett, Patten and Company. Friends who want to see him know his clubs and know where his residence is, but they might as well stay away if they want to talk about the market. He does not care a Continental what happens to August cotton or to October wheat.

Patten may be a very good man personally, and his friends may regret to see him no longer about the Pit; yet the whole country should feel relieved now that he is out of the market for the time being. To be sure, he retires with a fortune of some $10,000,000, most of which he made by gambling in foodstuffs and staples; yet the public could spare him this, if it could be sure that he would appear no more in the market. His was a bad example, and the system by which he made his living exerted a bad influence on honest business.

It is safe to predict, despite his protests to the contrary, that Patten's end is not yet. He may mean to retire, and, for the time being, he may retire, but he will sooner or later come back into the Pit and begin to play the same game. It cannot be otherwise. There is something about the gambler's life that fascinates him, controls him and overrides his every good resolution. The very hazards of the day, its excitement and its uncertainty compel him to venture where cool judgment would bid him engage in more legitimate business. He will come back for the joy of the thing, if for nothing else; and he will be satisfied with a trifle of $10,-besides, who knows whether or not 000,000.

WHEN TO-MORROW'S SUN GOES DOWN.

Nobody can tell what will happen. It looks as if either might win, and it is not beyond the range of possibilities that there may be a draw. By 6 o'clock to-morrow evening, however, it will all be over, one way or the other. It is not remarkable that those of us who have not seen them in training should be somewhat doubtful as to the result when so careful an observer as Professor Mike Murphy, of the University of Pennsylvania and special correspondent of The Times-Dispatch, is torn by many doubts. He is "convinced that Johnson is in better shape than Jeffries," but "this does not mean that Johnson is going to win." "Neither man has worked intelligently since I have had a chance to watch them, but the negro has undoubtedly worked harder." Jeffries does not care to box, he would not run up and down a nearby mountain for exercise; but has been going off fishing instead of attending to his business. Jeffries is rather awkward; in the early part of the battle he will have to stand quite a little punishment, and his timing and judgment are not all that could be desired; but as the negro "has one bad habit of leaning 'way back when returning," "does not lead often," "does not hop around at all," if Jeffries can only hit him and not have to take too much in return, he will then have a chance to put through his plan of gradually wearing the negro down. If we only knew how much protoplasm Jeffries carries and how much lard he conceals in his person we should be able to say who will whip this fight. Professor Murphy is not sure himself about it—that is what we sent him to Reno to find out; but he will be able to tell about it and how it happened and why it happened and how it is exactly as he said it would be in either event.

Having thus covered the chances of the fight up to the hour of going to press, we await with confidence the count to-morrow.

BABIES AND BABIES.

The Louisiana health authorities insist that there are babies and babies, and they are bold to declare that they want no more of the New York variety. They did not protest, a few months ago, when a New York philanthropic society sent a carload of Manhattan waifs to be distributed among childless parents in the Pelican State; but now that they have looked the babies over and have seen them, the health officers declare a further shipment would, at the very least, not be desirable. One of the Louisiana doctors goes so far as to say that "the deposit of these helpless little creatures, coming possibly from tainted progenitors, in our midst, is simply planting the seed of greater degeneration, more defectives, idiots, imbeciles and alcoholics, and tends to demoralization and heartaches in homes where the babies are located."

The New York Tribune, commenting on this, attributes it to Southern conservatism, and says that the danger is by no means as great as the Louisiana physicians think it is. In other instances, says the Tribune, homeless and abandoned children sent from New York to distant homes have risen to prominence and have become a credit to the States in which they have been reared.

The Tribune is doubtless correct in what it says, and can probably cite cases to strengthen its view; but its argument really proves the truth of what the Louisiana Health Department claims. Not every child picked up in the street is the offspring of degenerates. Some of them are the victims of misfortune and some of them, as all sociologists know, come from social circles which are neither degenerate nor depraved. These are the children whose career the Tribune has in mind. Yet the others, those who have tainted blood—those helpless children born of epileptics, degenerates and idiots—are as great a menace to society as any similar number of children can be. Heredity will not yield to environment, and where the Louisiana health officers cannot be sure of the heredity, they are perfectly right in refusing to trust to the environment of their later homes for the welfare of the children.

DOUBTFUL ADVERTISING.

A Baltimore confectioner spent a very unpleasant day Wednesday and went home at night, swearing at the advertising man who sold him "an idea," but grateful that he was not behind the bars. Whenever a woman came in his direction, as he walked along Lexington Street, he sidestepped quickly and kept his weather-eye open, fearful that the woman was one of 500 who were on his trail.

The wrath of these 500 is the woe of the confectioner and the cause of his undoing. Some days ago the confectioner, who naturally wanted to boost his trade, allowed an ambitious advertising agent to begin a "campaign." The advertiser designed a very neat postcard, with a most attractive feminine figure on it, and had the following message printed beside the smiling woman:

Oh, You Kid:

You did not keep your date. Meet me Saturday at ———'s ice cream and soda parlors, ——— Street.

ALMA.

'Phone ———.

This message was printed in a deceptive feminine script and was consigned to the mail early one morning. Within three or four hours the telephone began to ring in the ice cream saloon; feminine voices, choking with rage, asked for "Miss Alma," and the clerks in the store spent the day explaining how it all happened. As loyal and innocent husbands entered their homes that evening they were met with stony stares and hot words. One woman, confronting her husband with the telltale postcard, went into hysterics and was dangerously ill all night; another mother, taking her three months' old baby in her arms, started out to meet "Alma" and to convince her that the "Kid" was a married man and a father.

The confectioner has said "never again"; the wives have at last been convinced that it was all a joke, and the police are only regretting that they have no way of punishing the offending advertising agent and the reckless confectioner. The incident is closed, though "Alma" is a name that's never mentioned in many a respectable Baltimore home.

The trouble with the confectioner was that he had not learned this fundamental fact: no advertisement is useful which is not legitimate, and the returns from a doubtful advertisement are always doubtful. The general field of advertising is pretty well trodden, and it is not always easy to get an "idea" that will pay; yet every experienced advertising man and every successful business man—for none is successful who does not advertise—knows that it is better to have a legitimate advertisement that half the people read than a doubtful advertisement that everybody reads. Honesty is the best policy in attracting the people's attention, as well as in separating them from their money.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch)

"Unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—Eph. iv. 13.

This is the formula of the religion of a Christian. All our best belief, our best behavior and character, is included in it. Every need is met in this statement, both for instruction and for the inspiration of a good, true life. The heart of the Christian religion is the Lord Jesus Christ; and more and more to grow unto the measure of the stature of His goodness is the height of the aspiration of the saint. That is all we desire, all we want, if we may be like Him.

The organization of religion into a church is of importance, the formulation of religion into a creed is of importance; but there is only one thing that is absolutely needful—character. The supreme test, in fact, is character. The Master Himself lays down the rule: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Keep the commandments! The ten old, plain familiar statements of the moral law. Do right; be good and true—so shalt thou be saved.

The first rule of life for a Christian is to be honest. Honest in thought, word and deed; maintained for its own sake as in the sight of God. It is a sad fact that dishonesty begins in small ways, and in almost unnoticed things. The only safety lies in being unfailing, watchful and scrupulous, to be immaculately honest in the very least things and in all details.

The next step in the Christian life is to be clean minded. The good Christian man is as particular about his mind and heart as he is about his face and hands. Paul speaks of the offense of the lips; a kind of "foolish talking and jesting," which is not "convenient," i. e., not becoming or consistent with the character of a Christian.

Our Lord speaks of the eye: "If thine eye offend thee"—if the eye be an open gate of attack, if temptation comes that way—"pluck it out." Deal very strictly with ourselves. Be lenient and charitable to others, but severe with thyself. The Puritans did that. They shut their eyes to works of art which they found perilous to their souls. We say that they went too far; no doubt they did sometimes. But, if they erred, it was upon the safe side. They were dreadfully afraid of doing wrong. Let us at least follow them in this. Is the picture, or book, or play, good for the soul? Are we better for it, or worse? Does it help toward "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ?" Would He like it? Would He approve it? We must not judge others, but we must answer for ourselves. If the thing is against your best nature, stop it. No matter, though grace and beauty, art and letters and polite society be for it, turn you away for the safety of your soul!

Oh, heed the voice of conscience! Conscience is God's voice in our hearts. You know when you should do this or that; you are impelled by your feelings—then God speaks directly to you. You know you ought not to do this or that. Then turn away your face, for God is telling you it is wrong. The earnest Christian is very sensitive to this inner voice, and very obedient to it. The strong man is ruled by his ideals, and by his convictions; by his high purpose, that with all his might, under all conditions and everywhere, he will obey God.

The true Christian will further determine to increase the happiness of life. He will not content himself merely with the development of his own character; he must not only be good, he must endeavor to do good. He will in all things and at all times minister to others. This is plainly what Jesus Christ taught and did, for "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He gave even His life for the general good. None can approach the measure of His stature who is not in some way trying to do good to others.

And this means the exercise of constant politeness and courtesy with a sincere consideration for the feelings of others. We must not add to the already heavy burden of unhappiness, mostly of human making. It forbids saying any word, or doing any act, which will make life harder for anybody anywhere. It forbids frowns, and pride and ridicule, and every look which hurts. It controls the temper and the tongue.

But that is not all. It means also a constant watchfulness for opportunities of service. It impels one to manifest affection; a regard for weakness and age, with chivalry and activity in every form of useful helpfulness. What can I do to help my neighbor? What use can I make of myself, my privileges and possessions, whereby pleasure can be shared by those least likely to enjoy it? These are Christian questions, and enter vitally into the practical daily life of a Christian. Every day be as happy as you possibly can, and try to make others happy also.

All this has its immediate application in the home where religion is most stoutly tested, and where the grace of helpfulness has continual opportunity. What kind of a home is yours, as far as you are concerned? With what voice, with what face, with what degree of selfishness or unselfishness do you meet its daily duties? Ask yourself, what means my presence in the home? When I open the door, do I add to the anxieties or to the pleasures of the family?

These four rules: To be honest, to be clean-minded, to heed the voice of conscience, and to increase the general happiness—these are the homely and necessary virtues which lay the foundation of the Christian's character and religion. Upon them a fair and God-like structure can be reared. And in time, by patience and God's blessing, we may attain "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The Springfield Republican has a habit of asking very pertinent, sometimes impertinent, questions. For example, in the matter of Mr. Lodge and the Senatorial election in Massachusetts, it asks: "Why should Butler Ames be even thought of as his successor?" We give it up. That is one of the questions which answers itself. Lodge is undesirable enough, for some reasons, but, oh, that Butler Ames! Heaven spare the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, much as we despise it, from such a visitation as that. There are times and occasions when it is a Christian act to extend sympathy to even one's worst enemy.

George Harvey has returned to his home in New York. As General Grant said to Sergeant O'Flaherty, or whatever his name: "Now let the battle proceed."

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Even from the tomb the voice of Daniel cries, and in his ashes live his wonted fires. From all parts of this country—North, South, East and West—from newspapers of every shade of political opinion, from public men of the highest station, and from private citizens of the lowliest place have come tributes of respect and admiration and love for the grand old Virginian who rests from his labors. His bravery in battle, his courage in defeat, his patience under affliction, his splendid poise in statesmanship, his broad humanity, have appealed to the patriotic sense of this country, so that he is great in death, even as he was great during all the years of his illustrious life. We shall not see his like again. There is none left after him, with his marvelous harmony of speech and Virginia may well mourn that his voice is stilled forever, that his helpful hands rest idle at last upon his pulseless breast. His place in the history of this Commonwealth and country is established.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame,—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

We print to-day brief quotations from what some of the newspapers of the country have said about this glorious man. Speech, however, is dumb when we would say what we should like about this superb soldier and learned lawyer and great statesman and eloquent orator—the last of a noble line of men who have made the South immortal.

(From the New York Tribune.)
The eminent Virginian who died yesterday at his home in Lynchburg was the sole survivor in the Senate of a group of Democratic leaders of exceptional capacity, who sat in that body during President Cleveland's first term. They represented, so far as the South was concerned, chiefly the class which had distinguished itself in the service of the Confederacy. They belonged to the older school of Democracy taught by Breckinridge and repudiated by Douglas, a few modifications being made to meet the unavoidable consequences of the war. Among them were Vance and Ransom, of North Carolina; Hampton and Butler, of South Carolina; Gordon and Colquitt, of Georgia; Pugh and Morgan, of Alabama; Walthall and George, of Mississippi; Gibson and Eustis, of Louisiana; Bate and Harris, of Tennessee; Reagan, of Texas, and Berry, of Arkansas. Closely allied with these men in association and sentiment were the following Border State Democrats: Vest and Cockrell, of Missouri; Beck and Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Kenna and Faulkner, of West Virginia. It was a formidable array of men and talent and capacity for leadership. Some were orators of high rank; all understood the art of political incitement and persuasion. It is a striking evidence of the transformation which the Democratic party of the 80's has undergone that Mr. Daniel, the last survivor of that brilliant group, leaves no successors in the Senate minority to whom its traditions can be intrusted.

(From the Boston Transcript.)
Altogether, Senator Daniel was a most respectable man, and a living link between the present and the ante-Bryan era of the Democracy.

(From the Hartford Courant.)
John Warwick Daniel was almost as choice a product of the old Virginia as Wade Hampton was of the old South Carolina. He embodied her ancient dignity, courtesy, and oratory. When in his best years he addressed his brother Senators in a prepared speech it was a veritable oratio habita in Senatu. The Virginians loved him and mourn him. It was his destiny to be a soldier, lawyer and lawmaker; his heart's desire in youth was to become a Methodist preacher.

(From the New Haven Register.)
Two statesmen of the old school—the word is not too large to apply to either of them—have passed in Samuel D. McEnery, of Louisiana, and John W. Daniel, of Virginia. Both were veterans. Both were soldiers of the South—every able bodied Southerner of their age must have been that. Both had served their country well and loyally since the war. They were true Southerners, but each had acquired breadth and understanding of the wider than sectional point of view in service at Washington. They were types of that grand Southern spirit which is loyal, just and generous. They will be sincerely mourned, as their memories will be cherished, by their respective States.

(From the Houston Post.)
He was a man of great learning and stately dignity, and an orator of commanding powers. In temperament, bearing, accomplishments and convictions, he was a Democratic statesman and gentleman of the old school, and his public service from beginning to end was characterized by fidelity, patriotism and wisdom.

(From the Virginia-Pilot.)
His death leaves a vacancy never to be exactly filled. Other Virginians, some great and some good, will inherit the toga to which he lent dignity for nearly three decades; but the school from which his equipment and his standards were derived is closed, and "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

(From the Columbia State.)
So the South, and especially South Carolina, because we like to think of Senator Daniel as one who had much in common with a splendid company of leaders who flourished in this State after the War Between the Sections, shares in the mourning that his death brings and in the pride that is felt in the memory of the life that he lived and the good that he did, unselfishly and always with modesty and always with single-hearted devotion, for his Commonwealth and his country.

(From the Charlotte Observer.)
For the reason that Senator Daniel's voice was so often and so effectively raised in honor of the heroes of the Confederacy, not Virginia alone but every Commonwealth in Dixie owes him a debt of gratitude, and throughout the bounds of each his memory will long be fragrant.

(From the Knoxville Journal and Tribune.)
Few men have made such a record. A service of thirty years in the Senate is so unusual as to become a mark of high distinction. He was respected by his colleagues in the Senate of all parties; he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the people of his historic State; he was respected by the millions of the nation, irrespective of State or of section.

(From the Savannah Press.)
The South has lost a noble type and an eloquent champion in the death of John Warwick Daniel.

(From the Montgomery Advertiser.)
The South can ill afford to lose such a man as John Warwick Daniel. Virginia will not find such a true type of the cavalier and gentleman to succeed him. If ever a man was a typical representative of his State in the United States Senate, John Warwick Daniel represented the State of Virginia. The highest and best aspirations of his people found expression in him. He was a type of the high-minded, pure and patriotic statesman of the Old South. His Democracy was hardly less sacred to him than his religion. And with him Democracy did not necessarily mean demagogy. He did not take it for granted that the popular side of a question was always the Democratic side, nor did he look for the popular side rather than the right side.

(From the Fredericksburg Journal.)
Even those who disagreed with him politically loved him as a man. It will be a long time before Virginia will produce his equal. Other men may arise in the coming days who may be greater statesmen or greater orators, but long, long will Virginians look for a man whom they can love as all Virginians, irrespective of party, loved John W. Daniel.

(From the Suffolk Herald.)
Our public life, with its strength and wealth of endowment, could ill afford the loss not only Virginia, but the republic sustains in the death of Senator Daniel. Virginia needed him longer, as did the republic, and the great party to whose principles he was devoted and which he ever loyally urged and valiantly defended.

(From the Rockbridge Co. News.)
Thus passed away Virginia's foremost citizen and one of the nation's conspicuous public servants. His handsome presence, his eloquent tongue, his brilliant mind, his crippled limb, mute testimony to his patriotism and gallantry in war; his dauntless moral courage as manifested in many political struggles, made a lasting impress on the people of Virginia.

(From the Harrisonburg News.)
Virginia has always been proud of Daniel, and easily found it in her heart to forgive any mistake he might make, knowing that his candor and uprightness would enable him to see his error and correct it. He was, however, much more than a citizen of Virginia; the whole land has for many years been interested in him and has claimed a share in his achievements and his glories. He was more than a United States Senator; he was a leader of his people, and loved them with a devotion that would have made any sacrifice possible.

(From the Winchester Star.)
The exact position held by Senator Daniel in Virginia was unique. The exalted and, indeed, the pre-eminent place he held in the hearts of Virginians was due to the fact that in him all those qualities which appeal to a chivalrous people were personified.

(From the Salem Times-Register.)
The Saturday Evening Post a few years ago, in comparing him with other Southern Senators, referred to him as "the noblest Roman of them all," and so he was in appearance and in action.

Peace to his ashes!

(From the Harrisonburg Times.)
Virginia will have another Senator—she will never have another Daniel, for he was the last of the old school, and whoever succeeds him will only succeed to the office—he cannot succeed him in the esteem of Virginians who loved him living and mourn him dead!

(From the Buchanan News.)
He looked like a Senator in the noblest and most dignified significance of the word. He thought and felt and spoke and acted like a Senator. He was a typical lawmaker, statesman and representative of the highest kind. The people of Virginia loved him faithfully and honored him from his youth to his old age. He is accompanied to his grave by grief profound and universal.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Merchants National Bank,

AT RICHMOND, IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1910:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$4,338,583 52
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		504 53
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		200,000 00
U. S. bonds to secure U. S. deposits		15,000 00
Other bonds to secure U. S. deposits		85,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.		449,358 50
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		125,000 00
Other real estate owned		395 96
Due from national banks (not reserve agents)	$315,901 75	
Due from State banks and bankers	270,568 01	
Due from approved reserve agents	495,599 95	
Checks and other cash items	1,117 55	
Exchanges for clearing house	118,286 46	
Notes of other national banks	11,635 00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	217 93	
Lawful money reserve in bank—viz.:		
Specie	55,992 00	
Legal-tender notes	293,600 00	
Cash and due from banks		1,562,918 65
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		10,000 00
Total		$6,786,761 16

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 200,000 00
Surplus fund		750,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		170,304 32
National bank notes outstanding		190,900 00
Due to other national banks	$ 519,987 64	
Due to State banks and bankers	643,826 00	
Due to trust companies and savings banks	185,695 53	
Due to approved reserve agents	108,372 01	
Dividends unpaid	20,000 00	
Individual deposits subject to check	3,657,272 93	
Demand certificates of deposit	157,368 68	
Certified checks	12,705 81	
Cashier's checks outstanding	194 71	
United States deposits	78,372 36	
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	21,861 17	
Deposits		5,405,556 84
Reserved for taxes and interest		70,000 00
Total		$6,786,761 16

State of Virginia, City of Richmond—ss.:

I, Thos. B. McAdams, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

THOS. B. McADAMS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1910.

G. E. VANDERSLICE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
M. C. BRANCH,
S. T. MORGAN,
JAMES CASKIE,
Directors.